

(5)

F R A G M E N T V M  
ISAACI HAWKINS BROWNE ARM.  
S I V E,  
ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. LIBER PRIMVS.  
TRANSLATED,  
FOR A SECOND RELIGIO MEDICI.  
BY SIR WILLIAM BROWNE,  
LATE PRAESIDENT, NOW FATHER  
OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS:  
AND FELLOW  
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.



————— Quod magis ad nos  
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne  
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:  
Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne trahat nos:  
Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.  
Scilicet uni aequus virtuti, atque ejus amicis. HOR.

L O N D O N, MDCCLXVIII.

Printed and Sold, by W. OWEN near Temple-bar.

Price One Shilling Six Pence.

*To Dr. Askew, from the Translator,*

M R A G M E N V M  
SNACTI HAWKINS BROWN E ARM  
S I N E  
NATI-BOLINGBROKINS LIBERPRIMS  
O T A T A T E D  
FOR A SECOND RELIGIO MEDICI  
THE LEARNED PHYSICIANS AT BATH,  
THIS \* SECOND RELIGIO MEDICI,  
OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS  
FROM THE SAME NAME, AND COUNTY,  
IS MOST ZELOUSLY INSCRIBED,  
AS TO BROTHERS, BY THEIR BROTHER.  
BATH, OCTOBER XXIV, MDCCLXVIII.

\* The first, by Sir T. B. M. D. Norwich,  
Honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians;  
Father of Doctor E. B. formerly Praesident.

*Sequiturque patrem, at non passibus aequis.*

L O N D O N M D C C L X V I I I  
Printed and sold, by W. R. near Temple-bar.  
Price One Shilling Six Pence.



## To the Reader.

**I**T was apparently the design of my late most ingenious and intimate friend, in this undertaking, to expose the principles, and furnish an antidote against their poison, contained in the philosophical writings of a late noble and celebrated author; after the manner, in which *Cardinal Polignac* had treated *Lucretius*. And if Providence had been pleased to spare his life, to finish and put the last hand to this *Fragment*: the world would certainly have seen *Anti-Bolingbrokius*, equal at least to *Anti-Lucretius*.

ALL I am afraid of is, that my ambition, to publish such a *Translation*, as might intitle me to tack my name to the immortality of his, may in the event have a quite contrary effect, and prove a disgrace to both: to his, by praesenting it in company with mine; to mine, by praesuming to let it appear with his. However the worst, that can be said, is; that I have very ill executed a very good and great intention.

---

*magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

Yet, under such a censure, I should be comforted, by the satisfaction of having been so closely connected with my friend, as well in principles of religion, as in those of politics; that we both gloried in the opportunity of meeting our adversaries, in either, on any ground whatsoever.

It may, indeed, be very justly called a hasty performance. For in my journey, from Oxford to Bath, meeting with con-  
tinued

tinued rain, which kept me three days on the road, in compassion to my servants and horses; and having my friend a pocket-companion; I found it the best entertainment my tedious batings could afford, to begin and finish this *Translation*. But my praesumption, as a *Translator*, will be totally absorbed, in the *vortex* of a far greater: no less than an intention to complete, as far as my abilities will permit, this *Fragment*, and praesent it, both in Latin and English, under the originally proposed title, *Anti-Bolingbrokius*.

ONE great advantage this *Translation* must necessarily have, by making the excellent original more public, and consequently more generally admired. Its having been printed, among his other *Poëms*, by my most worthy and ingenious friend, his son, was onely for praesents, not for sale.

IF any fault be found with the unusual spelling in my English publications, my plea is: that though I durst not have praesumed to be the original introducer of it; yet, it is with pleasure, I follow so very good an authority as that of Doctör Middleton: who judged most undoubtedly right; that the onely method, to fix our admirable language to a permanent standard, and to praevent those frequent mutations, to which it has been subject in every age, must be, to reduce it, as nearly as possible, to the orthography of the dead languages of Greek and Latin, from which it has been in so great measure, either mediately, or immediately derived.

Bath, Oct. 24, 1768. The Translator.

A N T I-

A SECOND RELIGIO MEDICI.

O R,

ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS, BOOK FIRST.

Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἐσμέν. — ARATVS.

**F**IRST, \* *that there is a God, pow'rful, and wise,*  
*This beauteous world, His work, most loudly cries :*  
 This beauteous work demonstrates, we are sure,  
 Consummate wisdom, and consummate pow'r.  
 5 But granting this, beware you're not so vain,  
 How, just and good this God is, to explaine :  
 Like † him, who, trifling impiously, brings  
 To his false human test caelestial things ;  
 And, what must sober minds with horror fill,  
 10 Rules Heav'n's Almighty Ruler, at his will !  
 I dare not say, how far this madness goes :  
 For Who His justice and His goodness owes  
 To thee ; why valiant, and why temperate  
 Shou'd He not also be ? We yet more great,  
 15 More wicked consequences too, may state. }

\* Cato's Soliloquy. Addison. † Clarke, On the Attributes.

Why

F R A G M E N T V M.

S I V E,

ANTI-BOLINGBROKIVS. LIBER PRIMVS.

**P**RINCIPIO, quod sit Numen, sapiensque, potensque,  
*Pulchra haec declarat, quam finxit, fabrica mundi :*  
*Summa ibi se monstrat sapientia, summa potestas.*  
*Verum hoc concedens, cave ne justumque, bonumque*  
 5 *Esse Deum credas : nugator ut impius ille,*  
*Qui proprium ad modulum format divina ; suoque,*  
*Horrendum ! arbitrio, Regem regit Omnipotentem !*  
*Dicere vix ausim, quonam haec dementia serpat :*  
*Nam Cui justitiam tribuas, Cui des bonitatem,*  
 10 *Cur non et fortis, cur non abstemius Idem ?*  
*Imo et plura quidem, magis hisque nefanda sequuntur.*

B

Cur

Why, by the self-same rule, shou'd He not be,  
 Since these are also human gifts we see,  
 As prone to anger, and revenge, as we?  
 Why these shou'd He not partially love;  
 20 And to those as inexorable prove?  
 Some this believe; yet inconsistent are,  
 And hope, such God may be pleas'd by pray'r;  
 Therefore with gifts they to each altar run;  
 As if by corrupt bribes Heav'n's Lord were won,  
 25 Like one of ours; not like the Supreme Cause,  
 Who form'd and rules All by aeternal laws.  
 These whims to list'ning crouds priests spread abroad,  
 And, like themselves, erect a venal God.  
 Now, if a stranger comet shall appear;  
 30 Or, as \* late happen'd to excite our fear,  
 The Earth shall tremble; or the gloom of night  
 Gleam forth the dancing rays of Northern light;  
 Or lastly if in unexpected hour  
 Loud thunder shall exert its dreaded pow'r;

\* Our late Earthquakes.

Which

*Cur non, lege pari, nempe haec humana fatemur,  
 Et vindicta Deo pariter tribuatur, et ira?  
 Cur non his faveat; sit inexorabilis illis?  
 15 Sunt ita qui credunt; adeo tamen haud sibi constant  
 Idem, ut posse putent precibus mitescere Numen:  
 Ergo et dona ferunt, et ad omnes curritur aras;  
 Muneribusque Deum quaerunt corrumpere, tanquam  
 Satrapa quis fuerit; non Is Qui condidit, et Qui  
 20 Terrarum regit aeternis legibus orbem.  
 Usque adeo in vulgum spargit commenta, sui que  
 Fingit ad exemplar Numen venale sacerdos.  
 Jam, si forte novus peragret per Inane cometa;  
 Motuque insolito, nostris ut nuper in oris,  
 25 Bruta tremat tellus; aut hinc atque inde meantes  
 Si Borea de parte vaporum ignescere tractus  
 Per noctem videas; si denique tempore fudo  
 Cum sonitu ingenti fragor aetheris intonet ingens;*

Qualia

- 35 Which terrifying signs, however great,  
 Revolving years do usually repete :  
 If any one such prodigy occurs,  
 Strait there are found certain interpreters ;  
 Who, by their cunning craft, will never fail,  
 40 Themfelves of fuch appearance to avail ;  
 Who will fome dreadful threat divine explane,  
 And to atone it rich oblations gain.  
 Therefore each matron, and each frightned fair  
 Haste to the temple, to renew their pray'r :  
 45 Here, the priest each with fuperftition fills,  
 And regulates thofe fears, himfelf inflills.  
 With the fame craft, like artifice is tried,  
 To puff the mind up with as groundlefs pride :  
 That man is God's paramount work, he holds,  
 50 This globe, for his fole ufe, that truth unfolds !  
 For him, her bofom the gay earth arrays,  
 And her rich gems of fplendid hue displays !  
 For him, the tree its radiant branches fhoots ;  
 To please his tafte, presents Ambrofial fruits !  
 53 While to dire luxury they food afford,  
 See, all live creatures fmoking on his board !

Horrid !

- Qualia multa redire folent redeuntibus annis :  
 30 Haec ubi ; non deerit, fibi qui bene verterit ifta  
 Prodigia, interpres caeli ; feret ille pavorem,  
 Nescio quae portenta canens, placandaque donis.  
 Ergo omnis matrona, omnisque exterrita virgo  
 Jam tum templa adeunt, fufaeque altaria circum  
 35 Vota gravi renovant percuffae corda timore.  
 Sic regit ille metus quos indidit. Arte nec idem  
 Diffimili, faftu mentem distendit inani :  
 Nempe, hominum gens chara Deo eft fuper omnia ! Testis  
 Haec, quam formavit, nobis ut fit bene folis,  
 40 Pulchra orbis facies ! Tibi veftit, homuncio, tellus  
 Purpureis gremium gemmis ! Tibi parturit arbos  
 Ambrofios foetus ! Tibi, fint ut iniqua, tuaeque  
 Pabula luxuriae, quicquid genus omne animantum  
 Suppeditet, menfas onerat fumantibus extis !*

*Infandum !*

Horrid! who such impiety can hear,  
 And yet his indignation can forbear?  
 Dare you then, pygmy man, with narrow fence,  
 60 Inclose the diffus'd gifts of Providence;  
 The King, and Common Father of us all,  
 Who live and breathe on this terrestrial ball?  
 Are you alone then blest? See, the sweet life,  
 The skipping lamb enjoys, nor fears the knife!  
 65 See, how his starry tail the peacock spreads,  
 And ev'n triumphing kings in pride exceeds!  
 See, the melodious lark with soaring wings  
 Rouses sleepy Aurora, as he sings!  
 See, birds in turns, in concert now agree;  
 70 While ecchoing groves resound their harmony!  
 The fishes see, joy too in them praevalles,  
 While in the sun they bask their gilded scales:  
 In shoals they fly, pursue; they frisk and leap;  
 They dance, and hold their balls within the deep!

And

45 *Infandum! Quis enim bonus ista piacula dici  
 Audiat, auditis et non stomachetur? Homulle,  
 Tunc audes diffusa Dei compingere in arctum  
 Munera? Communis Pater, et Rex omnibus Idem est,  
 Omnibus aethera quotcunque hac pascimur aura.*  
 50 *Tunc unus felix? Viden', ut per florea rura  
 Exsultim ludat, cultrique sit immemor agnus!  
 Adspicis, ut pavo stellatam evolvere caudam  
 Gestiat, incessu reges imitatus ovanti!  
 Surgit alauda canens, et inertem carmine laeto*  
 55 *Suscitat Auroram! Videas certare volucres,  
 Alternis alias, alias colludere festo  
 Concertu; numeris resonat nemus omne canoris!  
 Quid pisces? Anne his etiam sua gaudia desunt?  
 En, illi squammias maculis auroque nitentes*  
 60 *Ut soli ostentant! cursus nunc atque recursus  
 Ut varios iterant! fugiunt, pariterque sequuntur  
 In numerum, simulantque choros agitare sub undis!*

Et



- 75 And can we still continue to believe,  
That God to us all these, as slaves, wou'd give?  
All other animals, in their degree,  
Live to themselves as well as us, we see:  
We also live to them, though with more art,  
80 On this great stage, we act the hero's part.  
Instinct to them points out a happy plan:  
But reason's better law is giv'n to man.  
This, if he follows, opens to his view  
Ev'ry delightful track he shou'd pursue.
- 85 This roll of Nature can no comment need:  
All that he ought to know, *who runs may read.*  
Does he yet more desire? Wou'd he reach Heav'n,  
And soar from earth, \* *on wings to man not giv'n?*  
The ox asks not the lion's fangs and claws;  
90 Man's bounteous hand no lion's envy draws;  
These all their order, which God gave pursue,  
And never deviate from their several clue:

\* *Pennis non homini datis.* Hor.

While

- Et credamus adhuc nobis haec omnia solis  
Mancipii dare jure Deum? Sibi cetera vivunt*
- 65 *Non minus ac nobis animalia; vivimus istis  
Nos etiam, partes licet hoc in dramate primas  
Sortiti: imperitans illis dedit esse beatis  
Instinctus; rationis, homo, tibi portio major:  
Qua duce si pergas, felix semita vitae*
- 70 *Prona patet; tibi pandit, egens interprete nullo,  
Quicquid scire tuum est, rerum in compage volumen.  
Num majora cupis? Num vis statione relicta  
In caelum ruere, et ferri super aethera pennis  
Haud tibi sorte datis? Non ora unguis que leonis*
- 75 *Bos optat; leo non humanae munera dextrae;  
Omnes hi, quemcunque dedit Deus ordine gaudent:*

While man, unless he scales Heav'n's blest abodes,  
 And ranks himself among immortal Gods,  
 95 Thinks he is wrong'd in Providence's view,  
 And clames the stars, as to his merits due.  
 But to you, man, the priest this road must shew;  
 'Tis he must ope Heav'n's onely gate for you.  
 Justice and goodness, namely, both divine,  
 100 For mortal man, immortal gifts design:  
 Hence then, behold a God, in whom are found  
 Justice and goodness, which admit no bound!  
 Grant this God just and good, in human sense:  
 Your sole dominion will not flow from thence,  
 105 Nor this exclusive grant of Providence.

BUT now, I see, with backward step you rove;  
 And quite unravel all the web you wove.  
 You now, in tears, assume a tragic strain,  
 And dolefully, of man's hard fate complane.

} This.

*Ast homo, ni Divum sedes, consortia Divum  
 Obtineat, queritur se laedi a Numine, tanquam  
 Ipsius ob meritum sibi debita vindicet astra.  
 80 Attamen huc tibi spondet iter munire sacerdos;  
 Janua promissi per quem patet unica caeli.  
 Justitia haec homini, bonitas divina reservat  
 Praemia, mortali nempe immortalia: justus  
 Scilicet est sine fine Deus, sine fine benignus!  
 85 Verum age, fac justum, fac nostro more bonumque:  
 Non sat erit, tibi quod dominari in cetera detur,  
 Terra quod haec tam pulchra homini concessa sit uni.  
 Sed nunc te retrahis, video, nunc fila retexis:  
 Nescio quae jam nunc lacrymosa sophismata fingis,  
 90 Deque hominum fato nunc lamentaris iniquo:*

110 This charming feat, that was so late design'd,  
 As a most proper palace for mankind,  
 Now for a sickly mortal crew, you call  
 A filthy gaol, a frightful hospital!  
 But better taught, by wise experience,  
 115 I look on things in quite a different sence:  
 For though unbridled passion gains its sway,  
 And leads mankind in general astray,  
 To say nought of myself, I hold, they've got,  
 Each in his sev'ral state, a happy lot;  
 120 At least, on this we surely may depend,  
 Not such, as these sad sophisters praetend.  
 Though round the world Pandora's mischiefs flie,  
 Hope at the bottom of her box will lie;  
 Hope still attends us, to our latest breath,  
 125 Nor ev'n deserts us at the point of death.  
 Now, if perchance my crede you wou'd require,  
 I freely will comply with your desire.

While,

*Quae modo pulchra domus, dominoque aptissima tanto  
 Regia, nunc eadem tellus mortalibus aegris  
 Informe hospitium est, et carcere foedius omni.  
 Me melius docuit rerum experientia solers:*  
 95 *Nam licet effraenata trahit quocunque libido,  
 Maxima pars hominum, ut de me taceam ipse ratur,  
 Horum ego crediderim sortem tamen esse beatam,  
 Certe non miseram, prout hi docuere sophij....  
 Quicquid enim Pandora mali diffundet in orbem,  
 100 Fabula uti narrat, spes fundo in pyxidis imo,  
 Spes comitatur adhuc, nec in ipsa morte relinquit.  
 Jam, si forte roges, mea quid sententia, dicam:*

Haud

- While, with due steadiness, I truth maintain,  
 Priests, with united voice, reclame in vain.
- 130 \* *Here will I hold.* All things in course procede,  
 As their Almighty Author first decreed:  
 All kingdoms, cities, people, ev'ry one,  
 Are regulated by this law alone.
- Therefore, live quite contented with your state,  
 135 Nor seek what follows, when you yield to fate:  
 Death is the utmost end of all your cares,  
 For which old-age slow creeping on praepares.  
 The ill of life grow with increasing years,  
 Till death's kind hand aeternal quiet bears.
- 140 Yet, no small service, I must fairly own,  
 This fable of a future life has done:  
 The doctrine was by wisest antients plann'd  
 Nor can, without it, any kingdom stand.
- Mean while, it is the end of all my views,  
 145 To seek what's true, not what may be of use,  
 To point the onely road, that Wisdom shews.

\* *Cato's Soliloquy.* Addison.

As

- Haud me namque piget, quamvis uno ore reclamant  
 Cuncta sacerdotum collegia, dicere verum.*
- 105 *Nempe ego sic statuo. Stabili res ordine pergunt  
 Ordine quaeque suo, sic primo ab origine mundi  
 Jusserat Omnipotens: lege hac humana reguntur  
 Omnia, regna, urbes, hominum gens omnis ad unum.  
 Ergo, vive tua contentus sorte, nec ipsi*
- 110 *Quaere quid extincto fiat: mors ultima meta est,  
 Cui te paulatim subrepens praeparat aetas.  
 Taedia nam vitae crescunt, crescentibus annis,  
 Donec mors aderit fessae opportuna senectae,  
 Prae manibus gestans aeternae dona quietis.*
- 115 *Haud equidem inficior, rebus quin utile nostris  
 Commentum fiet haec venturae fabula vitae:  
 Scilicet, hoc docuit sapientia prisca, nec ulla  
 Stare quidem poterunt, dempto hoc fundamine, regna.  
 Interea, non quae sint commoda quaerere nostrum est,*
- 120 *At quaecunque viam Sophiae vox monstrat eundum.*

Me

As to myself, whether, when in my grave,  
 Aeternal rest I certainly shall have ;  
 Or, as these say, an after life commence,  
 150 It makes, with me, no sort of difference ;  
 By a wise pow'rful God, I know, I'm made,  
 And, therefore, of no future fate affraid.

THUS HE.—Admir'd for philosophic sense,  
 For sparkling wit, superior eloquence :  
 155 Whose polish'd stile, and well form'd argument,  
 My verse, in faint sketch onely repraesent.  
 Grant this ; and I will ev'n confess it too,  
 He, here, says some things *solid, sprightly, true* :  
 But now on truth, on falsehood now he treads,  
 160 And in so serpentine a course procedes ;  
 'Tis hard to guess, whither his steps will tend,  
 And where his journey at the last will end.  
 Whether he acts thus, on a base design,  
 And baits the hook, that ends his treach'rous line,  
 165 His poison'd steel the better to convey,  
 And catch more surely the unwary prey :

Or

*Me sive aeterna componat pace sepulchrum ;  
 Sive quid ulterius post funera restet, ut aiunt,  
 Tantundem est ; scio me sapiente, potente creatum  
 Numine, securus quicquid mihi fata reservent.*  
 125 *Haec ILLE.—Eloquio pariterque ac mente sagaci,  
 Forte ut credideris princeps, licet illius artes  
 Dicendi egregias nostrum vix carmen adumbret.  
 Esto ; nec inficior, graviter quin multa, facete  
 Plurima, nonnulla ac videatur dicere vere :*  
 130 *Ast idem interea veris ita falsa remiscet,  
 Totque per ambages movet agmine serpentino,  
 Quonam ut tendat iter vix demum agnoscere posses.  
 Sive hoc fraude mala faciat, prudensque sciensque  
 Consilium tegat, incautum ut nec tale timentem*  
 135 *Alliciens animum, fallat graviore veneno :*

Or whether, as one rather wou'd believe,  
 His doubting judgment flying clouds deceive;  
 For 'tis but lately that he has applied  
 170 To abstruse subjects, and his genius tried.  
 Why need I shew, how oft himself he wounds,  
 While doctrines so discordant he propounds?  
 God's *goodness*, he for instance thinks it clear,  
*Can by no argument be made appear:*  
 175 And yet, this God he scruples not to call,  
*The Common Father, who provides for all;*  
*Who reason's aid has giv'n, he does confess,*  
*To lead man in the road to happiness.*  
 How true is this! How quick a change is made!  
 180 *Each man is happy without reason's aid.*  
 Do you say this? You who philosophise,  
 And hold, there is a God, pow'rfull, and wise?  
 Clame then no greater wisdom of your own,  
 To teach a better way than God has done.

But,

*Seu potius credas, quis enim non credere mallet,  
 Circumfusa tenent dubiam quia nubila mentem;  
 Serus enim abstrusis admovit rebus acumen.  
 Quid tibi praeterea memorem, quam saepe suo se  
 140 Confodiat mucrone, docens pugnantia secum?  
 Nempe Dei bonitas, huic si vis credere, nusquam  
 Apparet: Deus interea est, prout ipse fatetur,  
 Communis Pater, et Qui prospicit omnibus aequae:  
 Ille dedit rationis opem, qua, si libet uti,  
 145 Felicem sibi quisque queat procudere vitam.  
 Haec tenus hic recte, mox adspice quam sibi discors!  
 Quisque, ait, est felix, etiam ratione relicta.  
 Siccine rem statuis? Tu qui sapiensque, potensque  
 Agnoscis Numen? Cave ne sapientior ipso.  
 150 Numine sit, meliore via, quam qua Deus ire  
 Jusserat, optatam qui scit contingere metam.*

Unde

- 185 But, whence does this new principle appear?  
*That each in happiness shall have his share.*  
 Shall then your happy man no difference see,  
 If he, or honest, or a villain be?  
 What, will you then thus daringly profess,  
 190 That virtue bears no part in happiness?  
 Can happiness behold these sons of hers  
 Spendthrifts, whoremongers, or adulterers?  
 Can he too travel in this happy way,  
 Who shall his country, and his friends betray?  
 195 *I say not this.* In words, indeed, but you,  
 In fact, this most indisputably do,  
 Unless you wou'd a contradiction shew.  
 What can you answer? You must surely own,  
 The seeds of vice in ev'ry clime are sown:  
 200 And shooting up luxuriant, in each field,  
 The prospect of a plenteous harvest yield.

But,

- Unde sed hoc constat, res omnibus ire beate?  
 Nilne etenim distat, frugi, nequamne sit ille,  
 Quem tu felicem censes? Pulcherrima virtus  
 155 Haec nihil ad vitam possit conferre beatam?  
 Num tibi decoctor felix, num ganeo, moechus?  
 Num patriam, atque suos qui prodidit, isne beatus?  
 Non isthoc aio: verbis haud, re tamen isthoc:  
 Namque hoc dicendum, nisi vis pugnancia dici.  
 160 Ecquid respondes? Neque enim te posse negare  
 Crediderim, quin nequitiae seges omnibus oris  
 Floreat, inque dies crescens caput exferat alte.*

But, let it then be granted, if you please,  
 That now Astraea's fled, men may at ease  
 Live as they like; or well, or ill; content  
 205 That this, to them, is quite indifferent.  
 Let man, all vice delighting to profess,  
 In spite of God, attain to happiness.

*Thus far the author's fate allows: the end  
 Is undertaken by his faithful friend.*

END OF BOOK FIRST.

*Verum esto, id si vis, terras Astraea relinquat,  
 Jucunde ut vivi possit; bene necne; quid ad rem?  
 165 Sit malus et vecors, invito Numine felix.*

*Auctorem huc terris ostendunt fata, nec ultra  
 Esse sinunt: finem fidus meditatur amicus.*

FINIS LIBRI PRIMII.

*Errat. p. 5. l. 15. for, dare not, read, scarce dare  
 p. 6. l. antepen. for, Borea read, Boreae  
 p. 11. l. ult. for, quid, read, quae*

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